

Title: The Book of the Dead (tome I)

Author: Ssithnos, Sage

(an excerpt about the
coming of the One
known as Annatar)

REVELATIONS tome I

MALEDICTIONS

Come, descend, ye
spirits of shells,
Ye friends of broken
light!

Come and embrace the
gift of the Others,
I call for death
I will for death.
Come, descend,
fragments of
sorrows,
Ye cracked
and imperfect bygone
master

Come and embrace the
cry of the Omen,
I call for death
I will for death

For my hearth has
been torn

And my womb has
been torn

And my love has been
torn.

I cast aside my cloak
of night

And plunge into the
seas

Where no light can
comfort me

And no words can
succor me
And no lies can bend
me
And I will dwell at
the left hand of death.

For I am the father
whose babies were
slain

And I am the lover
whose heart was torn
My heart and my
garden are ashes now
Let my howls carry
them away

Come, rise, ye spirits
of hunger,
Ye friends of
guttered flames!

Come and embrace the
winter of love

I call for death

I will for death.

Come draw my cloak
across the pregnant
moon

And let all the wombs
be barren this night.

A new garden shall
rise across the land,
Ba' hara, the Garden
of Sorrows.

Come, rise, ye seeds
of despair,

Ye fallow ones left on
the stones to rot.

Come and embrace the
Omen's cry,

I call for anger

I will for anger

For I am the storm
with ten thousand
screams

For I am the storm
with ten thousand
tears

For I am the fruit
that is dried in the hot
breath of hate

Till it falls from the
vine and withers into
dust.

Come, rise, ye spirits
of the earth

Ye ravenous spiders
with fingers of
shadow!

Take me into the

caves of rebirth
Where we will dance
'til the rising tides.
For I become the
winepress of sorrows
For I become the
stealer of seeds
For I become the
breaker of blades
And the clamp upon
the fruits of man.

O Ancient One,
Whose eyes declared
the day
See my defiance, see
me dust your earth
From my feet I sink
away from your light.

I always was the
One
And the fruits in my
jaws shall be the
generations of man.
Come, rise, ye spirits
of tempest and lust,
Ye howling voices of
long-ago night!

Take me into the air
and the seas
Where we might
swell the banks to a
flood.

For I am the man
whose fruits were
destroyed
For I am the father
whose garden was
salted
For I am the crone
whose lips taste the
blood.

Let these three guises
greet me as I descend
Into the nether-sea.
Let their breath burn
away the love
That has given well to
my tears.

Let our seeds grow
into hedgrows
With poisoned thorns
and sweetened
flowers.

Come feast with me
now
And rise from your
shells.
Let pleasing forms

guide us
Into the heads and
hearts of the
accursed.

There raise we
tempest
To wash away the
sand

And leave the
seashores bare.

Come, descend, ye
children of the
Others,

Ye harvesters of
eternal waking
Come and embrace the
cry of the Omen,
Caper at thy father's
call

And feast upon each
other's hearth's.

Come ye all the
serpents of hate,
The clouds of
deception and
The tides of endless
silence.

I call for death
I will for death.
I call for death
So shall it be!